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VOLUME IV PITTSBURGH, PA., OCTOBER 1930 NUMBER 5



PORTRAIT OF MME. PICASSO
BY PABLO PICASSO

Awarded First Prize of \$1,500 in the Twenty-ninth
Carnegie International Exhibition of Paintings

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME IV NUMBER 5
OCTOBER 1930

The russet leaves of the sycamore
Lie at last on the valley floor—
By the autumn wind swept to and fro
Like ghosts in a tale of long ago.
—GEORGE STERLING, "The Last Days"

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chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.
—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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BON JOUR, DR. CALLAHAN!

The Very Rev. J. J. Callahan has just been appointed to the distinguished position of president of Duquesne University, at Pittsburgh. Father Callahan was born in Bay City, Michigan, and has had a rich and ripe experience in the work of Catholic schools, coming here from the seminary of Holy Ghost Apostolic College at Cornwall, Pennsylvania, and he will be a valuable acquisition to the educational counsels of this city. His predecessor at the University, the Very Rev. Martin A. Hehir, after almost fifty years of devoted service, retires to a well-earned leisure, full of honors and respected and admired by all of his fellow citizens.

A FAR-AWAY VOICE

567 CALLE ISAAC PERAL
MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

DEAR CARNEGIE:

Month after month you continue to be absolutely top-hole, filling a space in one's reading which is not touched by any other publication which reaches this outpost of Anglo-Saxon culture. My copy is forwarded from Springfield, Massachusetts, being the gift of a Wilkinsburg lady.

Please continue to "read Burns' poems and steer clear of Achille's wrath." I am constrained to inform you, however, that twelve o'clock has just set all the bells in town ringing and I must go to tiffin.

Gratefully yours,
BENSON HEALE HARVEY, Canon Missioner
Cathedral of Saint Mary and Saint John

INVICTUS

[From a group of the Magazine's friends who were spending the Labor Day week-end at the Rolling Rock Club, where Nature is seen just now in all her loveliness, comes the request that this stirring poem by William Ernest Henley be printed, and the Magazine is greatly pleased to do this.]

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit, from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winc'd nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this vale of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid!

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

THE ARTISTIC IDEA

BY HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

FOR the twenty-ninth time in the history of the Carnegie Institute the Department of Fine Arts presents its annual exhibition of contemporary painting, its one important offering to this strange, confused sea of visual emotion which is present-day art.

During the time of our International I always come to feel that I should be a member of a Fine Arts Traffic Squad; not attempting to tell the public where it should go, but rather standing at a crossroads, where the artistic crowd rushes this way and that, seeing to it that all of them continue on their personal occasions without colliding with their neighbors.

For present purposes, however, I would prefer to resemble an executive delivering a report that, in this case, concerns itself chiefly with the temperaments of the artists and the races that make up the Exhibition; that deals with an intangible substance which, however much we may delve into science or sanitation, has played so vital a part in the development of nations, called the artistic idea.

Just what this artistic idea consists of I am blessed if I know. My best example of it, though, I found, one fall evening, almost a year ago high

on the dried brown plains of Mexico.

One evening during that visit my wife and I journeyed as far as a dilapidated automobile would take us, and eventually proceeded on foot to see a delightful old church outside a town called Chalula.

Our guides for the evening were three brown-skinned, contemplative Indians, wide-hatted, poncho-clad as ever, who, beatifically befuddled by an overstrenuous pulque party, welcomed us with cordiality and after a mumbled conversation, started toward the transept door.

We followed.

"No," they said, "not this way."

Their church was only for nice people. We were obviously nice people, and the sole way to show nice people a

church was through the front door. Consequently, if we would go thither, they would pass through the nave, open the door for us, and do the honors.

There was art in that church, for to the Mexicans a delight to the eye is a delight to God. So we wandered and we admired until finally on leaving we dropped a few coppers in the poor-box, and I presented each of the three of my guides with a piece of silver.

We made our manners, we descended



HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

Sketched by Laura Knight



INTERIOR

BY ALEXANDER BROOK

Awarded Second Prize of \$1,000 and also the Albert C. Lehman Prize
of \$2,000 and purchased by Mr. Lehman

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

the steps, and as I turned for my last look at the façade glowing in the sunlight, I saw our small guides, each of whom possessed nothing in the world but the clothes on his back, placing the pieces of silver I had given them—as they thought, without our notice—in the poor-box.

It was a grand and an artistic gesture. Their love of beauty and their reverence for the divine in life was not a thing to be exploited commercially. They possessed the artistic idea.

It is a long way to Chalula. But there are no bounds or limits to the artistic idea. We may find it in a Persian miniature, or a bit of Gothic sculpture. When we find it, we always say to ourselves what I would constantly have you say to yourselves as you look at the Exhibition, that a work which contains the artistic idea is great or good because it is an understanding expression of the culture of that race and age which produced it.

In our galleries we have an exhibition which represents not what the Carnegie Institute, its trustees, or officials, or the people of Pittsburgh think is present-day art, but which, within our limits of space and money, represents the opinion of the pooled artistic intelligence of the nations in the exhibition.

What I would have you concern yourselves with, for the moment, is how through this Exhibition the artistic idea of the men who attempt to play with fantastic pigment on canvas concerns itself with us of workaday occupations and gives us recreation which we cannot obtain through the use of gasoline, or electricity, or round-headed clubs, or pieces of dotted paper.

For example, the artistic idea applies to George Luks, raised in the dust and clatter, the upheavals, the aspirations, and sordid untidiness of New York, who obtains joy out of life by splashing paint over himself, his barnlike studio, and his multitudinous pupils, and by bursting with enthusiasm.

Again, the artistic idea applies to

Victor Hammer of Austria, the product of that ordered and reverential Viennese age of Emperor Francis Joseph—sensitive, analytical, painstaking, and serious.

The first of these painters rushes at the artistic idea for the zest of it. The second painter toys with the artistic idea for the charm it will give him through his age. What I would ask of you is that you superimpose one upon the other various phases of this artistic idea until ultimately you have before you a composite photograph which will bring you in sympathy with the aims of the artists represented in this Exhibition.

What sets apart the artist, the chief possessor of the artistic idea, from the average run of human beings is hard to say. The outward appearance of the painter is not as romantically supposed. He is a well-behaved citizen of the community, is the painter, faithful to his wife, long-suffering with his children. His hair is cut short. His linen is like anyone else's.

Yet the artist's difference from the layman is strong even if not obvious. To begin with, the artist's imaginative gifts, instead of exercising themselves, say, on organizing chain stores, turn toward creating an object designed to make the imaginative side of life more pleasurable. The painter's end in life is not dollars in the bank, but the reactions which he obtains through his eyes. He values his emotional independence far more than his economic independence.

Therefore, to penetrate a little further into this amorphous penumbra, let us study for the moment the personalities that compose the Jury who awarded the prizes this year.

First, we have from France, Matisse, whose work has received the greatest acclaim from some, to the hopeless bewilderment of the rest of an otherwise intelligent society. But his paintings are simple enough if you think of them from the unconfused philosophy of the artist himself.

Perhaps I can best illustrate what I

mean by again referring to Mexico.

It seems that once a young lady from a finishing school, who thought she knew all about art, arrived of an afternoon, by some crazy act of circumstance, at an Indian's three-sided palmetto hut, where she found her host, scarcely

more civilized than his unhaltered donkey, painting a picture on a piece of cloth that here in Pittsburgh would have blushed at being put to the utilitarian purpose of acting as a sheet.

The young lady marveled. In this picture was a church, also a bird which greatly exceeded the church in size. She was puzzled. She was irritated. The conventions of Foxcroft had been defied.

So finally when asked to comment and to admire, her only reply was, "But the bird is larger than the building."

Whereat the Indian turned to her with a benign expression and replied, "But, poor little white child, do not you see that it is only a painted bird?"

Then came the Austrian, Karl Sterrer, transported for the first time in his life from the linden trees of Vienna to the crash of New York traffic. Awed and almost saddened, he was moved to speak of the contrast between his own country and this land where constructiveness and the value of work so rules. Like the city that bred him, Sterrer has no hatred for tradition, but as in his paintings of yesterday he tried to express yesterday, so in his paintings of today he is trying to express the present-day artistic idea of his race.



STILL LIFE

BY CHARLES DUFRESNE

Awarded Third Prize of \$500

The Englishman was Glyn Philpot, member of the Royal Academy, winner of our First Prize in 1913, representing the best of traditional English painting, but understanding with the eclecticism of the true artist the virtue that may lie in the fine interpretation in paint of emotional

aspirations quite different from his own. It is delightful to find that advanced and academic artists alike quarrel among themselves far less than laymen concerning the vagaries of work before them. The artistic idea breeds sympathy.

For our own land we had first Bernard Karfiol, American artist, a fighter for what he believes to be the essence of his artistic idea, a representative of the more advanced American art, not only a painter, but a sculptor, a craftsman, and a teacher.

Next was Moffett, modest and sincere, who, emotionally ambidextrous, can paint either in an academic or in an abstract style. He joined us from Provincetown, but he is truly in his ways representative of the Middle West where he was born.

Finally came that veteran artist, Horatio Walker, who lives on an island in the St. Lawrence where life flows by at so gentle a pace that when we send him a telegram he receives it most hopelessly garbled two days later; for his townsfolk speak French, and what is more, the French of Louis XV.

We smile as we think of that. Then we realize that the cheerfulness of our thought is a proper one. For with all

our mechanical dust and clatter, with all our endless switching from nerve-irritating work to more nerve-irritating pleasures, just to dwell a little wistfully on the beauty of landscapes, or to decide whether this shadow is perfection here or a little wrong there, has in it an essence of that artistic idea that we should welcome in our clamorous days.

Naturally, from a discussion of our jurymen, we turn to the personalities of the men who exhibit the prize paintings.

There is no hard and fast rule by which these pictures are selected. Out in one of the middle western universities they had, last year, a percentage basis upon which they awarded prizes. Drawing was twenty per cent, composition twenty per cent, technique twenty per cent, feeling twenty per cent, interest ten per cent, and the frame ten per cent. The passing grade was sixty per cent.

Fancy the result of any group of men applying such a scheme to the walls of our galleries containing Gill of England and Knaths of our land. In the words of the old New England poet, "There's bears in them woods."

Rather it is like this. When during that suit concerning the authenticity of the Leonardo da Vinci painting in Kansas City, Sir Joseph Duveen was asked how he knew the work was not genuine, he replied, "How do I know good wine from bad?"

Duveen was right.

It is all a matter of inherent taste, and as a result of the combined taste of those six men our First Prize this year was awarded to Pablo Picasso.

Picasso is an emi-

nent person in the eyes of France, wherefore because so much gossip has been spread abroad concerning his abstractions I take a slightly malign delight in the award's going to the portrait of his wife, as classical in drawing and construction, as deep in its sense of understanding, as anything conceivable by the most academic painter.

The Carnegie Second Prize was awarded to the American painter, Alexander Brook, for his "Interior." No old man is Brook, but very young indeed, for youth more and more in our land is coming into its own. Brook also was awarded the Lehman Prize for the best purchasable painting in the Exhibition. Perhaps women will more completely understand what Brook is seeking. A man to appreciate a handsome dress must see it on a pretty girl. But a woman can enthuse over the dress thrown across the back of a chair. That is Brook's desire. His dress is his arrangement of form and color. The pretty girl he despairs.

The Third Prize went to Dufresne, a French modernist, who, like Brook, is bringing a fresh and novel note into painting. His work is free and thoroughly colorful.

The First Honorable Mention was awarded to Henry McFee for his "Still Life," and, as it was a flower painting, the Jury logically gave it the Prize which the Garden Club of Allegheny County generously offers each year for the best painting of flowers in the Exhibition. Again, as with Brook and Dufresne, McFee endeavors by the right placing of color, line, and



STILL LIFE

BY HENRY LEE MCFEE

Awarded First Honorable Mention of \$300 and Allegheny County Garden Club Prize of \$300



FISHERMEN

BY GIUSEPPE MONTANARI
Awarded Honorable Mention

form to complete a canvas that will be not a representation of many objects, but an expression of the emotion contained in those objects.

The "High-school Girl" by Maurice Sterne also received an Honorable Mention. Sterne was born in Russia but reached America as a lad. A student and an enthusiast in one, he has lived and painted from the East Indies to Italy.

Though you will notice that most of the awards went to Americans, a painting of "Fishermen" by Montanari was given another Honorable Mention.

Montanari, so sober and altogether Biblical in his canvases, is not what he paints. He is a middle-aged Italian who lives in the foothills of the Alps above the Lake of Varese, and his chief joy in life, like that of so many of his countrymen, is fast automobiles. He offered us a ride home of a spring evening to Milan in one of the speediest, smallest Lancia cars I ever encountered.

The final Honorable Mention went to Niles Spencer, another American painter who belongs in the group of the younger men with Brook and McFee.

After considering the Jury and their prizes, in this quest for the artistic idea, we may best dwell on the characteristics

of some of the nations and the personalities of the artists that make up this Exhibition.

In France art, flying high in an excess of energy on the part of social highbrows, runs a gamut from Besnard to Braque. Not long ago the French felt that a more or less sentimental representation of the typically obvious physical aspects of life was of the first importance. Today they are not so much interested in the outward appearance of things, provided that the comment is just. Hence, we find these days an increasing amount of such work as that by Derain who won our First Prize two years ago.

Recently, also, the French have been disturbed by their endless rush after the latest thing in style. Despite many extremes, however, their land is now entering another era of artistic prosperity along with its material one. It has always been thus. They have had epochs of force and character like those during the reign of Louis XIV, or Napoleon, interspersed with fashionable epochs of vacillation such as that which followed the Franco-Prussian War.

While some may regret that the older school of men is losing touch with the life around it, they may also take comfort in the thought that one-time revolutionists are ceasing to cast their wildest ideas before a completely uncomprehending public, and that their real leaders are such as Roussel.

After all it is the beauty of today that France wishes for today. This land entertains no violent desire to reorganize the world or to disrupt the artistic map of Europe. It scrupulously cares for its old palaces and paintings. But it has too much latent nervous energy to sit with its artistic hands folded with before it the interest in life which lies in the rising of each day's sun and the coming of each day's evening.

Year in and year out, England pre-

sents the antithesis of France. Consequently, we find English art solidly representative of their race: self-contented, firmly built, given to sentiment, anxious to know the facts, never springing at innovations.

Around the walls of Burlington House we will find much good work, with a man like Augustus John presenting the distillation of English painting, and a man like Munnings giving us the sterling foundations of it.

Munnings has the soul of a poet, the nature of a craftsman, and a hobby about horses. No other country could have produced Munnings. When he is not showing, England is never adequately represented. Many of his peers consider that in a hundred years he will tower above his contemporaries.

But when all is said and done, the two persons that are as much talked about as anybody else in British art today are women—Laura Knight and Dod Procter. Laura Knight has been made a Dame of the Empire, the woman's equivalent of Knighthood, the second woman in England ever to have received such an honor. She is an adventurer at heart, a gypsy, wandering under the "big top" of a circus tent, but in her technique the essence of studied strength. Both she and Dod Procter have design, drawing, color, pattern, sentiment, and human interest. Of such is English art.

After France and England, Italy naturally attracts our attention.

The Italian attitude toward art is exactly the opposite of the English. Art in Italy is something to fight about.

Not long ago the first-rank painters of the old school were capable and satisfying. Times have changed. Now the young men of Italy are taught not that they must follow

old age, but that they themselves must quickly become the leaders. Now, therefore, because of these youthful methods of conduct and because of the regulations of the Fascisti ideals, they have produced a neoclassic modernism, restrained but energetic.

Recently I was asked if there is in Germany a group as wholly sympathetic to the kind of art we have in our German Section as there are in America persons tolerant of the form of art we show in our American Section.

Yes.

In our land exists a widespread interest in the literal, the sentimental in art. Most Germans, however, are interested more in the introspective, the experimental aspect which piques the intellect.

When the American turns from business, he is not anxious for an ever changing stimulus in his play. The Germans, on the other hand, carry their varying interests into the recreational phase of life. Consequently, as they develop some new gadget which will take interference out of the radio, so from the Academician they turn to some fresh solution of paint such as that offered by Oskar Kokoschka, which will arouse rising generations.

By and large, however, the German



IN THE TOWN
By NILES SPENCER
Awarded Honorable Mention



HIGH-SCHOOL GIRL

By MAURICE STERNE

Awarded Honorable Mention

situation is more temperate than it was. We have, therefore, on one side of our German Section a self-portrait representing such a person as Liebermann, the wise and wrinkled eighty-odd year old president of their Academy. On the other side we have Hofer, gentle, poetic, earnest in his pursuit of the simplification of the emotions of life, president of the other big organization, the Secession. Between them are many intelligent men under whose leadership the German is still looking for a new round of healthy excitement. For the German feels that there is more fun chasing a fire engine than in walking slowly after a hearse, especially if he suspects the hearse contains the corpse of art.

There is no corpse to German art. It is quite alive. They wish to know for themselves exactly how they regard it and what others feel about it. Consequently, after we had made our selection of the German Section which was to come to this country this year, Dr. Hermann Reckendorf, who in Berlin has an organization for the sale of scientific devices, presented, with the

encouragement of the Minister of Fine Arts, the German Section of our Exhibition free of charge to the Berlin public for ten days.

Spain, in contrast to Germany, has no interest in the foreigner. For Spain is a self-contained land which neither quarrels with its neighbors nor extends undue effusion. If the Spaniard likes you, he will exert himself. If you are not "simpatico," he disappears. Their art these days, however, is on a prosperous road, for the land back of it is prosperous. Whether we visit the Plaza del Sol in Madrid, or the shopping district of Barcelona, the American feels at home both in Spain and in its art.

Curiously enough, a simple way of comprehending the artistic idea of Spain is in terms of the bullfight, for both efforts deal first of all with the emotions in a greatly emotional land. Around the bull rings are being erected the most compact and modern steel galleries that can be purchased. Yet within the "barrena" are maintained the traditions of centuries. I have seen an American bullfighter in Spain by the name of Sidney Franklin. He is a novice. He probably never will attain his full degree. For the Spaniards, though wholly generous to foreigners, say that while Franklin's fighting is brave, it lacks the attention to the traditional minutiae which the Spaniard so loves.

It is thus with their painting. Furthermore, a favorite expression constantly employed by Spanish bullfight fans applies quite as well to their painters.

"There are two types of espados," runs the saying, "those who do what they know, and those who know what they do." And in art, as in bullfighting, the Spaniard is most enthusiastic over the men who possess both qualities, a man such as Solana, who understands his technique, has lived with his subjects, and speaks for Spaniards the artistic idea of Spain.

A recent book called "Sweeties in

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Sweden" tells us much about a land where the girls are good-looking and the men handsome, where life is simple and well run.

There is no extravagance in Sweden; therefore none in Swedish art. Though they have no new painters of academic tendency, still their results in other directions are not wild.

The artists in Sweden and in its sister country, Norway, fall into two classes: the Impressionists and the Modernists. The Impressionists, as far as the older generation is concerned, consist of such men as Fjaestad, who paint consistently according to prewar traditions. Of the more modern group Grünewald and Revold are certainly important in their attempt to develop their tradition in the light of today rather than to evolve a new attitude toward their work.

For the Modernists, now turning toward neoclassicism, there are Fougstedt and Jolin. Their tendency is chiefly toward simplified outline, colors, and naïveté.

To the south and east of Sweden lies Poland, a land which serves as an astonishing example of how far art can go without wealth. For especially such a town as Vilna has developed painters that would do credit to races far more firmly established financially. In such a group, the paramount impression is one of the mysticism of the Pole. Ninety per cent of his work is religious and developed in a manner, as in the case of Michalak and Wydra, which carries with it a feeling of that intense adoration of the unknown that comes from the minds of poets.

On the other hand, we have this year one of Poland's more materially minded artists, Pautsch. He has drawing and color, and behind them conviction without which we would get that saccharine, sloppy, sentimental slush which our young idea calls "banana oil." There is no banana oil about Pautsch.

Russia this year claims an important share of interest. During the postwar

Internationals we have virtually shown only expatriated Russian refugees. However, inasmuch as the interest of this Exhibition centers on what each land produces today, this year all the canvases hung in the Russian Section were obtained from citizens of present-day Russia. Their art is both modernistic and conservative. Their only real difference from the rest of Europe appears in their color. While a large share of the European canvases are somber, present-day Russian work is gay and refreshing.

To grasp the significance of the Russian artistic idea we must regard Bolshevism more as a religious than as a political factor. For the Bolsheviks deny the truth of such words as patriotism, beauty, or love. To them these terms have absolutely different or contradictory meanings according to who defines them. Therefore, they would be rid of the hollow idealisms that encumber the Old World. They would start on something definite and logical when they have made a blank of the



PORTRAIT OF DR. STRESEMANN
By AUGUSTUS JOHN



FAMILY GROUP
BY LEOPOLD SEYFFERT

prewar capitalistic conceptions which to them have failed.

We deal naturally in our International with the artistic idea of many lands, yet our interest in conditions across the sea is measured in our subconscious minds by the reflection these conditions give us of ourselves.

I hear so often these days that American art was born of France. I disagree. We owe much to French painters, Ingres, Manet, Monet, and the École des Beaux-Arts. We also have a debt to the English School with Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Constable.

In art, as in all else, we have drawn some of our genius from many lands. Read for example this letter which I once received from an American painter, Waldo Peirce, who has lived much in Paris and comes from Maine.

"I wish my paintings were better. Culpa me! Some of my bulls went astray and I had to step up and paint them again at the last minute while the box was being hammered together. Nor can I guarantee the astral exactitude of the southern constellations in

my tarpon nocturne, as they are beyond my Maine horizon. Anyone who can tell my bulls from my tarpon, or my dogs, can stick the labels on the pictures. But I am glad to send some works done outside Gaul, just to find out if one can paint as one ought on a natal New England flint patch, removed from all other painters or paint."

No, we are not born of, or from, any single race. One painting may be by Blumenschein. His name will give us an accurate guess as to whence his ancestors came. Then by a slight turn of the screw we may see the signature of Kuniyoshi placed on a canvas. Each of these individuals may hear the faint atavistic call of other days. But in them and in all our strong personalities who, like Rockwell Kent or Eugene Speicher, have never seriously studied outside their own land, we discover the best qualities of many races fused in our own melting pot.

These United States, then, by their atmosphere, their food, their dentists, their schools, their methods of extracting tonsils without scar tissue, their automobiles, their elevators, their moving pictures, their overheating, and



EXCURSION
By VICTOR HAMMER

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their enthusiastic outlook on life, control their own output a thousand times more powerfully than the fancied influence of any other race or nation.

We are naturally chiefly concerned with the result of this extraordinary conglomeration of artistic races and ideas.

I have before me a list of American painters arbitrarily divided into three categories—Academic, Medium, and Advanced. In the academic list I find the name of our townswoman, Johanna K. W. Hailman, who depicts the drama of the raw Pittsburgh industries with such force and character. In the medium category appears Edward Hopper, who knows his New York, and smiles as he knows it. In the advanced group is Charles Burchfield, more visionary and romantic than the other two. Yet I see remarkably little difference in the methods of attack of these three.

The sequence of events that has led to this condition is fairly clear. Previous to the War, while our thoughts were followed closely by our literary folk and somewhat badly by our musicians, our painting was less in tune with contemporary thought than any other art, though our social ideas were altering with increasing violence and speed.

Consequently, by 1923 a number of more adventurous spirits began to kick over the shafts, as it were, uncertain what they were up to, but far from content with old-fashioned ideas. Their efforts proved of little purpose, for society neither wishes to be drawn by the hack of yesterday nor by the rocket-plane of tomorrow. So that soon, by the way of the check book, came the sifting-down process, until now, an increasing number of our public prefers to be transported by a normal vehicle possessing the newest form of synchromesh gears, and therefore seeks such men as du Bois to draw a vehicle which will obey neither the impulses of yesterday nor of tomorrow, but which will remain in the road of present social thought.

As the result of all this, I am so often asked whether contemporary art is getting anywhere. I presume by that is meant whether or not a painting, say, by Seyffert is better than one by Coleman.

Contemporary art has never got anywhere any more than today can get to be tomorrow. Contemporary art is the emotional expression at the moment of ourselves with all our ill-matched eccentricities. So art will continue to change even as we change, but it will neither progress nor retrograde any more than the human race progresses or retrogrades.

A painting by John Carroll of today is different, of course, from a painting of yesterday by Emil Carlsen. Obviously the rebellious spirit is not dead as long as there is youth. It would be bad if it were dead. Only since at present we are looking askance at violent reactions, painting has both freed itself from the academic strangle hold and also resisted the convulsive revolutionary movements of the postwar period. Its place is rightfully now alongside the other artistic methods of expression of this day.

Of such many facets is made up the artistic idea as set forth in our International Exhibition. We need this artistic idea, for surely if, as is the case with most of us, our occupation is of the common or garden variety, there will rise in us at the most unexpected moments in life a desire for this vision that here the artists place in paint on canvas. Consequently, let us learn of the artistic idea while we may, before the only symbol of what we seek may be our tombstone.

EVERYMAN'S COUNTRY

That it is every man's duty to defend home and country goes without saying. We should never forget, however, that which makes it a holy duty to defend one's home and country also makes it a holy duty not to invade the country and homes of others; a truth which has not hitherto been kept in mind. The more's the pity, for in our time it is one incumbent upon the thoughtful, peace-loving man to remember.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Passion Plays, Ancient and Modern

By E. MARTIN BROWNE

Director of Religious Drama to the Diocese of Chichester

[Mr. Browne will be remembered by CARNEGIE MAGAZINE readers for his admirable work at the Carnegie Tech Little Theater and his penetrating reviews of its productions. When it was learned that he intended joining the Oberammergau multitudes this past summer, the Magazine at once asked him to record his observations on the Passion Play for its readers, knowing full well that—despite the superabundance which would be written currently on this great drama of the Scriptures—Mr. Browne could be depended upon to present a criticism engendered of original thought and a scholar's knowledge of religion on the stage.]



In Bavaria this summer one might witness two plays which exhibited each in their different form the tragedy at the root of life. One was the fruit of centuries of tradition, telling "the old, old story" of Christ's Passion; the other was performed for the first time and represented in symbolic manner that Passion of Mankind which was caused by the World War. One resulted from the patient effort voluntarily made for its faith and vow by a country village community, the other from the creative fire enkindling the most skilled professional artists of the German theater. Both left upon the mind that indelible impression which great art alone can make, and both, singly and together, stimulate deep reflection upon the nature and the future of drama.

No one goes to Oberammergau with an open mind. Of the half million or so who saw the Passion Play in 1930, many went in critical, some in cynical mood. But many more went on pilgrimage, their hearts attuned to the chords of devotion which sound throughout the play; and the influence of spirit on spirit is attested by the fact

that this attitude so strongly prevailed over the others as to subdue almost every audience to the reverence asked by the sacred story.

The form of the Play is conditioned by a number of considerations not purely dramatic. It is the fulfillment of a vow, and its first purpose is to teach—thankfully to show forth the faith that has saved the village. Then, too, it has the eyes of the world upon it, and the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church have naturally not remained unconscious of its influence nor unconcerned for its good name. Lastly, there is a profound interdependence, which can be sensed continually, between the Play with its great subject and the moral and religious character of every person in the village.

Thus, upon studying the text of the Play, one finds that rather less than half of its eight hours' length is occupied in telling the actual Passion-story. The design is far more comprehensive than this: it is indeed nothing less than to present the Passion as the central fact of human history, led up to by the centuries of pre-Christian development and assimilated by the centuries of Christian devotion. The prayerful odes of Prologue and Chorus and the Old Testament tableaux which precede each scene of the Passion are the means to this end. Very beautiful means, fully justifying their use.

Naturally, however, the dramatic

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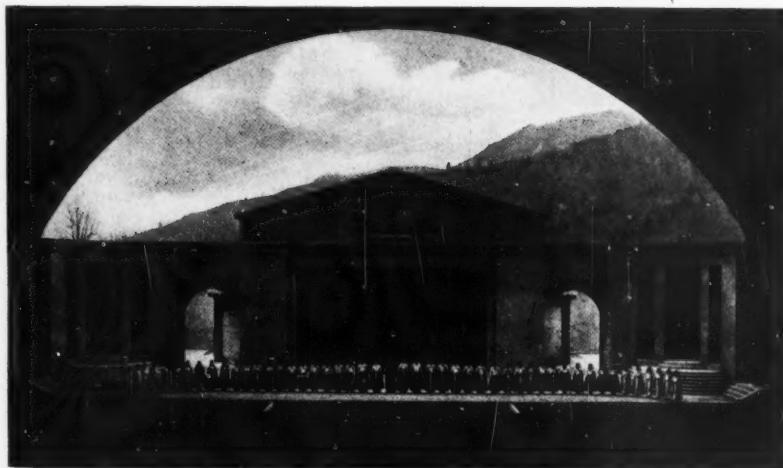
effect of the story in the ordinary sense is lessened by them. There is very little feeling of crisis in the Play or in any individual scene—far less, for example, than we experienced at Carnegie Tech in Don Marquis' "The Dark Hours." It is still further weakened by a curious piece of technical clumsiness: the union of the whole crowd in its every speech, which makes it impossible to obtain an increase of power for such climactic moments as "Crucify him." This flatness makes much of the Play seem wearisome to the more frivolous spectator, and indeed to all while they witness it; but in retrospect may be seen to have wisdom, for the purpose of the Play is to stimulate meditation and prayer, not emotion.

There is another respect, however, in which the text is indefensibly weak. Firmly as it is built upon a Biblical foundation, it is insufficiently good in writing to sustain the burden of so great a theme. We are told that the ancient medieval text has been entirely revised and shorn of its crudities and its humor (perhaps too ruthlessly so). It has also lost that fresh simplicity, that naïve devotion which characterize the Eng-

lish medieval mysteries, and has become heavily charged with a dull piety. One fears that this must be laid to the charge of that same mind in Authority which found it necessary to clothe the body of Christ on the Cross and to emasculate the scourging. This is unworthy.

For how much does the acting and direction surpass the text! To judge from the printed Play, it was not worth a mile's journey to see; but many went thousands of miles and were not disappointed. These village players, become specialists in the acting of Scriptural drama by long practice, yet retaining their native vigor and their personal devotion at full strength, are the ideal presenters of the story that transformed the world. It has transformed their world; Oberammergau is a dedicated village, as anyone who has attended its church and talked to its people can testify. And this is what everyone "went out for to see." Christ's story, lived again, can still dislocate all the traffic of Europe.

Oberammergau at the moment has the services of an artistic genius. Past statistics are evidence that this makes no difference to the fundamental appeal



OBERAMMERGAU'S PASSION CHOIR

of the Play; but to the artistic it is an added delight. Georg Lang, who has designed most of the new scenery, has more than a touch of the modern in him, and knows his theatrical history. His scene for Gethsemane might have been a Matisse, while the technique which triumphantly achieved the Ascension owed much to the Bibiena family. His direction of the play similarly displayed both qualities, and also a sense of rhythm in grouping and stage business—for example, the Last Supper—which would do credit to Reinhardt. Best of all is his new stage building, which used an austere classicism in terms perfectly suited to ferro-concrete construction and became progressively more satisfying during one's eight hours in front of it.

Here, then, is an eternal event, far off in time yet so timeless that it can be mediated by modern art forms. A more immediate example was "Totenmal," performed simultaneously with it in Munich. It is written of that suffering which we still undergo—the loss of millions of our dearest in the World War. Albert Talhoff is overwhelmed in writing it by the magnitude of that loss. He feels around him those countless spirits trying to exercise their influence on their dear ones on earth and to destroy the demon of Force who eternally threatens the emerging Spirit of Mankind. This conflict is shown by the use of the technique of the future; for this production revealed new possibilities of dramatic expression. In a specially built theater Talhoff presented his poem in "choral speech." This he achieved for the first time in its true meaning; never was any part sung or intoned, yet so complete was the vocal unity that actual chords were obtained with the speaking voice; staccato, rallentando, crescendo, and diminuendo were as perfectly controlled as in a fine singing choir. The only accompaniment was provided by a percussion orchestra, of which the instruments were chosen by a delicate ear to give the exact realistic suggestions required. The

action was performed by the pioneer among German dancers, Mary Wigman, and her school, in dance-mime, with an extraordinary freedom and flexibility of body; and lighted by Adolf Linnebach, assured master of theatrical electricity.

The play is tragedy in the strict sense of that term, and its incomparable performance, which was probably the highest achievement of modernistic theatrical art, made its effect on the emotions so powerful that two hours of it was utterly exhausting. One was left with a triumphant sense of the theater's power to stir the soul; but also with an emptiness, because no answer came to those who sought one another across the River of Death. In this Passion play there was no Resurrection. Yet there was striving, and hope; and seeing these two tragedies together, one was led to believe that the agony of the modern mind might once more bring to birth the faith that overcomes death.

GLYN PHILPOT ON PITTSBURGH ART

WOmen, scenes, and characteristics of the United States present foundations for an entirely new school of art which American artists can, and are, building up.

Pittsburgh with its varied types of women, its steel mills, and its beautiful scenery should be a mecca for American artists—instead of Paris—because the Continent can offer nothing to budding artists that Pittsburgh cannot.

Thus spoke Glyn Philpot, English member of the Jury of Award for the Twenty-ninth International Exhibition of Paintings, on Pittsburgh as an art center.

I look forward to the day when we shall have a system of adult education in the State which will reach every man and woman as we are now reaching the child. And the librarian will be as important a factor in that place as the formal teacher or lecturer, perhaps the most important and inspiring factor.

—JOHN H. FINLEY



GARDEN OF GOLD

THE afternoon sun was streaming in upon the Garden of Gold with unrelenting brightness. Penelope, like a good gardener, was busy raking up the autumn leaves to blanket her flower beds for the coming winter days, when a crunching footstep caused her to turn her face into the glaring sun.

"Jason, it is well that I recognize your sprightly step," she said, "for I would never know you otherwise."

"And what great change has come over me?" laughed Jason.

"The dazzling sun—it has blinded me with its fire," Penelope explained.

"But did you know that the sun is able to restore sight as well as to blind?" asked Jason.

"I never heard of such a thing!" said Penelope, doubting.

"Well, there's my good giant friend Orion, who was made blind as a punishment and had his sight restored by the beam of the sun."

"What terrible sin did he commit to justify blinding him?"

"The story is he loved not wisely. Merope was the maid in the case, and she loved Orion in return; but her father Oenopion, who was king of Chios, constantly deferred his consent until the importunate lover attempted to gain Merope by violence. The father was immediately incensed to the point of

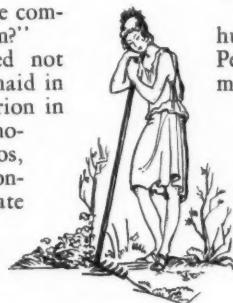
depriving him of his vision and casting him, helpless, upon the seashore. Robbed of one sense, however, he was to gain his escape through another."

"But if you couldn't see, how could you possibly save yourself?" inquired Penelope.

"It was his ears that guided him to help, for he followed, stumbling, the sound of Cyclops' distant hammer until he reached Lemnos, that volcanic island on which Vulcan had his forge for making thunderbolts, lightning, and the armor of the gods. Even Vulcan, hardened as he was with working in metals and all unbending things, was touched on beholding so strong a giant with unseeing eyes, and so he lent him a guide, Kedalion, to point him the way to the abode of the sun. With Kedalion poised on his shoulders, he finally arrived at the East, where the sun god, as I told you earlier, ungrudgingly returned his sight to him."

"And did he immediately hunt for Merope again?" asked Penelope, in the interest of romance.

"Strangely enough he ceased to care for her entirely but devoted all of his love to the huntress Diana. And it was Diana who, at his death, placed Orion in the sky as a constellation, three shining stars of which form Orion's Belt, and three lucid stars



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below, Orion's Sword—in memory of their many happy hunts together."

The story finished, Penelope made the startling announcement that there were no gifts of money to report this month.

"There is no seed for planting," said Penelope. "This is the first month, Jason, since our Magazine was started, that we have approached our printing day without having any money to grow into riches, through compound interest, for the Institute settlements in 1936 and the Tech settlements in 1946. It is discouraging."

"Oh, no," said Jason, "nothing discourages us. With three years of uninterrupted gifts, reaching a total of more than \$500,000, all of which is growing fat with compound interest, we must naturally expect an occasional lapse."

And then he said: "How long can we hold back our printing, with our hearts still full of hope?"

"Only until two o'clock this afternoon," answered Penelope.

Well, we wonder whether our readers have seen that Jules Verne play where the hero had made a bet that he would go around the world in eighty days? His friends who had taken the bet were assembled at his club. Nine o'clock was set as the hour when he was to appear or lose his fortune. The clock begins to strike—six, seven—the audience is in a fever of excitement—eight—and Phineas Fogg enters, cool, calm, and collects his money.

It was now ten minutes to two o'clock, and Penelope came in again.

"The foreman," said she, "has just telephoned that he cannot wait any longer for the Garden of Gold pages."

And just at that moment William F. Lloyd entered the Garden of Gold and gave Jason \$15,000 for the endowment fund of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Mr. Lloyd did not know how dramatically he had met an emergency—did not know in fact that the emergency existed. But his handsome and generous contribution was gratefully received, being valued evidence of his

continued interest in the work that is going on here to promote the education and culture of Pittsburgh. In 1946 it will amount to \$33,000, and the Carnegie Corporation of New York will double that sum with \$66,000, making a total of \$99,000.

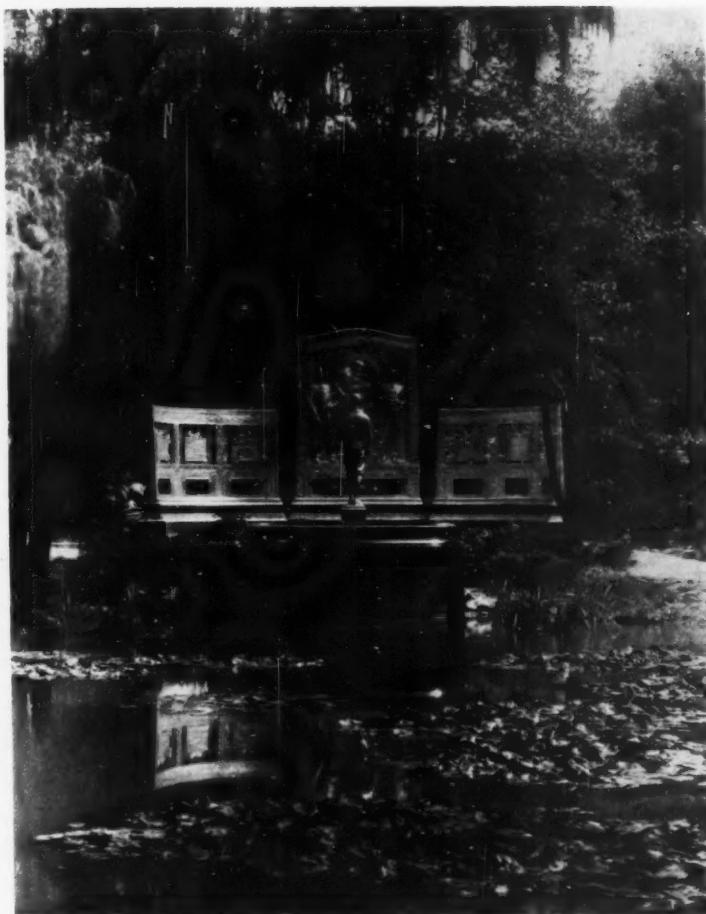
This is Mr. Lloyd's second gift of money, his previous donation of \$5,000 to the Carnegie Institute having been received about a year ago, and that sum will be worth \$10,000 in the 1936 settlement.

OUR CHANGING WORLD

PROFESSOR STEPHEN P. DUGGAN, director of the Institute of International Education, is at present giving a series of fifteen-minute radio addresses on the general topic, "Our Changing World." This radio program has been made possible through the financial encouragement of the Carnegie Corporation of New York. So pertinent are the subjects to the solidarity of nations that CARNEGIE MAGAZINE readers are sure to be interested in the schedule. Two in the series—one dealing with England and one with France—have already been delivered but the ten remaining will continue through Christmas Day:

- OCTOBER 23—"Germany: The Conflict of Political and Social Ideals."
- OCTOBER 30—"Italy: The Fascist Conception of Society."
- NOVEMBER 6—"Russia: The Reversal of Social Values."
- NOVEMBER 13—"China: The Disintegration of a Civilization."
- NOVEMBER 20—"Japan: Mediating between East and West."
- NOVEMBER 27—"Turkey: The Extinction of Moslem Culture."
- DECEMBER 4—"India: Is A Solution Possible?"
- DECEMBER 11—"The United States: A Civilization in Rapid Evolution."
- DECEMBER 18—"The Civilization of Tomorrow."
- DECEMBER 25—"The Future of Primitive Peoples."

Internationally-minded Pittsburghers can listen in on successive Thursday evenings at six o'clock over WJAS.



THE WESTINGHOUSE MEMORIAL

THIS tribute to the fame of Pittsburgh's great inventor was dedicated with imposing ceremonies on October 6, 1930. The memorial occupies the superb setting of a secluded dell in Schenley Park, just at the edge of a lily pond, surrounded by flagstone paths, beds of rhododendrons, weeping wil-

lows, and with slopes of foliage, forming the natural background. The sculpture is the art of Daniel Chester French, and the architecture was designed by Henry Hornbostel. The contributions of some sixty thousand employees of the Westinghouse interests made possible this majestic monument.

LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT

A Review of David Loth's Life of the Great Florentine (Brentano)

ANY book that deals with the history of the Medici family is sure to be interesting, and this one will well repay the pleasant task of reading it. It gives us a comprehensive picture of Italian society of the fifteenth century, with its entertaining, if startling, portraiture of the corruption and immorality which marked the life of the people of Italy, from the head of the Church down through all social grades even to the lowest class, until at the end of this book we find a decadent son of Lorenzo de Medici as Pope Leo X, with Martin Luther and the Protestant Reformation plainly foreshadowed. This work is a good example of the modern urge for the re-creation of the great figures of history. The story is told in a racy and familiar style, and the author has never hesitated to describe facts, even when those facts might be unpalatable to some readers of our more conventional age.

What we miss in the book is an essential background of the Renaissance—that great period which marked the rebirth of learning, and gave to our present day its firm basis of culture in art, philosophy, and literature. For after the Renaissance had restored to Italy a good understanding of the forgotten remains of Greek civilization, the wave of culture swept into all of the other European countries. England,

indeed, had begun her own intellectual development before the light had reached Italy, and she produced first Chaucer in poetry and Wycliffe in religious reform; and, after the Italian reawakening, Shakespeare in the drama and Bacon in a new philosophy which drove Aristotle himself into eclipse. We see nothing of this in Mr. Loth's book except as it related to Lorenzo, and perhaps he is not censurable in omitting this larger view of the Renaissance inasmuch as Lorenzo the Magnificent was the protagonist of the movement in Italy, and Lorenzo's leadership is well enough shown in the course of this story.

The revival of learning in Europe had its greatest incentive in the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, when Mo-

hammed the Conqueror won his great victory over Constantine XIII on the Bosphorus. The flight of scholars from that ancient capital, bringing with them their relics of Greek achievements, caught the imagination and occupied the leisure of contemplative minds throughout Europe; and as Gutenberg had completed his printing press thirteen years before, that marvelous invention was then ready to multiply their productions.

The Renaissance was an exemplification of that vital energy and spiritual hunger which had grown weary of the



LORENZO—THE PRIDE OF THE MUSES

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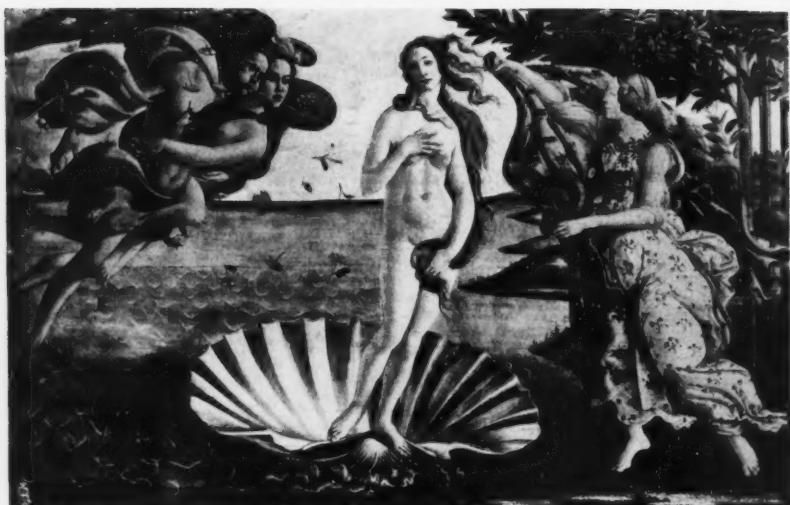
system of feudalism binding all men into a forced obedience to religious control on the one hand and to military service on the other. A modern world, new in its thought, new in its production and achievements, new in its conception of the nobility and meaning of human life, and, through the voyage of Columbus, new in its geography, had, in the space of fifty years, sprung into existence. With art restored, men learned how to appreciate beauty; with philosophy revealed, they learned how to think; and with Joan of Arc and John Wycliffe and John Huss and Savonarola declaring that God held his divine ear against the lips of every mortal, and that his guidance and his mercy could be given to the humblest of his children without ecclesiastical interposition, there was a natural revolt against the organized system of religion, and the cry for a spiritual revival had its first manifestation in Wycliffe's protest, which, a hundred years later, was repeated in Luther's Reformation, and was shortly followed by a counter reformation at Rome, whereby the ancient church cleansed itself of much of that decadent growth which had threatened its existence and brought upon it the reproach of the world.

The Medici family grew up out of the middle class of the Italian people. Establishing themselves as bankers, with the central bank in Florence and branches throughout Europe, they had, in the time of Cosimo, the grandfather of Lorenzo, become one of the richest families in the world. Lending their money freely to popes, kings, and princes, they were in time elevated to princely rank themselves as dukes of Tuscany; and when Lorenzo (born 1449, died 1492) had taken his place as the head of the family, he was not only a prince whom the rulers of the world were proud to salute as brother and cousin, but he was the only man in Europe whose talents and tastes and achievements gave him the title of The Magnificent.

His stately palace in Florence justified this name, for within its gorgeous halls, beyond anything that existed elsewhere, were collected the best examples of ancient and modern sculpture, the finest group of paintings, the most complete library, cleverly carved jewels and cameos, lovely tapestries, and beautiful vases.

He sent his mother off to Rome to make a match with Clarice Orsini, of a wealthy and noble family, and when they were married he sometimes left the company of Lucrezia Donati to be with her.

When his sons were ready to go to college, Lorenzo found that there was no institution within his own dominions that commanded a system of education worthy of his children, and he created the University of Pisa, which made possible the instruction of the youth of Italy upon the most generous scope then in existence. It was not long before his munificence bore its good fruit, for the young men from Pisa and from other schools came back to Florence, where the most generous of the world's art patrons bade them welcome and put them to work. When they came to him, one after the other, they had produced nothing, they were nobodies, they had little but their education and their ambition; but under Lorenzo's encouragement, they made themselves a long line of painters, sculptors, architects, poets, essayists, orators, and musicians. One of these young men complained to Lorenzo that his father wished him to become an accountant; whereupon Lorenzo told him to paint some pictures on the castle walls; and when this had been done, he told him that the studio, and not the countinghouse, was his proper place; and thus Michael Angelo received his start in life. The rest of that great group of immortal creators—among them Botticelli, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Titian—received their inspiration and their patronage from this great Prince of the Renaissance, Botticelli winning the master's approval by



BOTTICELLI'S "VENUS RISING FROM THE SEA"—WITH SIMONETTA AS VENUS

painting Simonetta, Lorenzo's mistress, as Venus Rising from the Sea.

Lorenzo traveled extensively throughout Italy, and always with a retinue and a lavish expenditure which befitted his reputation for magnificence. Italy was split up into a dozen minor kingdoms, of which the Pope held one, and all of these kingdoms made war on each other, the Popes taking their part in these conflicts through the exercise of their temporal power. Pope Sixtus became jealous of Lorenzo's brilliant reputation, and there was a conspiracy very plainly traceable to the Vatican which had for its object the destruction of the Medici family and the substitution of the rival family of Pazzi in its place. The Archbishop Salviato came from Rome to talk the matter over with the Pazzi people, and on Easter Sunday when it was certain that Lorenzo and his brother, Giuliano, would be in attendance at the cathedral, the Pazzi chieftain brought a band of assassins into the sacred edifice, and in the midst of the services Giuliano was suddenly slain, while Lorenzo escaped only by drawing his sword and fighting his way

through the ranks of his foes to his own friends. The people of Florence rose up against this outrage, and when the conspirators were captured, they were all executed and their bodies exposed in chains on the walls of the city, the Archbishop's corpse along with the others. The Pope, angry and humiliated by these disclosures, immediately excommunicated Lorenzo, handing over his soul to the Devil, and after making an alliance with the King of Naples, declared war on Florence. Lorenzo, in a spirit of chivalry and adventure, made a pilgrimage, not to Rome but to Naples, and undertook to induce the King to break with Rome. In the meantime the assassination had outraged Europe, and the King of France warned Sixtus that Christendom would not tolerate the continuance of a situation which had grown out of such an episode; and in time peace was restored.

Sixtus now began to show a friendly spirit toward Lorenzo, and as a means of winning back his regard, and knowing that he had set aside his son Giovanni for the church, the Pope per-

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mitted the little boy to receive the holy orders of the priesthood when he was but three years of age, making him Abbot of Pasignano; and at seven he was made an archbishop. Lorenzo, not satisfied with these extraordinary favors, used all his influence to have the child made a cardinal; but Sixtus balked at this, and declared that the lad was too young for such preferment. When Sixtus died, however, Lorenzo and his friends secured the election of Giambattista Cibo as his successor, with the title of Innocent VIII. Upon going into the Vatican, Innocent publicly recognized his natural children, as was common with the Borgia and the Medici popes, and appointed them to lucrative honors. His son Franceschetto was married to Lorenzo de Medici's daughter, Maddalena, and given a handsome settlement for life. Innocent then took up the case of Giovanni de Medici and made the boy a cardinal at thirteen years of age. Through Lorenzo's influence and the power of his wealth Giovanni de Medici was in time chosen Pope, and became that celebrated Leo the Tenth, who, in order to employ Michael Angelo as his architect and raise the funds to build Saint Peter's, publicly decreed that he would sell indulgences for the pardon of sin to every purchaser; and as the money began to roll in, Leo exclaimed in impious glee: "What profit has not that fable of Christ brought us!" It was not long until his scornful and mercenary conduct had produced a religious earthquake among the pious Catholics of Europe, and as we have seen, brought about, first, the Protestant Reformation, which was really the Protest of Catholics; and later, a Catholic counter-reformation, whereby the church purified itself. But the Pope's temporal power, through which he continued to make almost constant war, kept his capital in unending turmoil, until his neighbors united in attacking and capturing Rome and sacking the city.

Lorenzo de Medici thus lived through an age of intellectual splendor and of

moral and religious degradation. He was no better and no worse than the men of that time. But while other men lived only for profligate pleasure, Lorenzo caught the wondrous spirit of the Renaissance before any of his associates had felt its power—with the result that to him and to his native city of Florence, the development of the rebirth of learning brought undying fame and glory. He died at the early age of forty-three, yet in that short span of life he had created a new world. His descendants grew into a certain kind of honor—his son Giovanni becoming a recreant Pope, and his granddaughter Catherine becoming Queen of France, only to achieve the obloquy of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew.

The world needs more Lorenzos—particularly the American world. The vision of glorious culture is still in the heavens above us. We have a whole regiment of men who enjoy Lorenzo's wealth. Let us hope that they will emulate Lorenzo's patronage of learning.

S. H. C.

RADIO TALKS

[Broadcast over WCAE on Monday evenings at 7:15 under the sponsorship of the Carnegie Museum.]

OCTOBER 27—"Fish for Pets," by William A. Schubert, graduate assistant in Zoology, University of Pittsburgh.

NOVEMBER 3—"Tropical Fish at Home," by Mr. Schubert.

NOVEMBER 10—"The Mechanical Age Goes Fishing," by George J. Dambach, graduate assistant in Zoology, University of Pittsburgh.

NOVEMBER 17—"Fire Fighting in Forest Reserves," by Mr. Dambach.

WASHINGTON ON EDUCATION

Promote then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

—GEORGE WASHINGTON: Farewell Address

AN APPEAL TO THE LAWYERS OF EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES

BY SIR JOHN SIMON

[For years Sir John Simon has been known as one of Great Britain's most eminent barristers and when, as leader of the Indian Statutory Commission, he lately published—after a study of two and a half years of conditions in that smoldering peninsula—a report of its findings, not only England but the entire world hailed it as a profound work on a harassing and contentious subject. Any utterance from him bears thinking upon, and his eloquent response at the banquet in New York last month tendered by the Association of the Bar of that city to the visiting judges and lawyers from Great Britain and other countries, which is reprinted here, rings with a sincerity that will make the international mind rejoice, and stimulate it to the protection of peace.]



Now, gentlemen, what is going to be the outcome, the real and permanent outcome, of this exchange of visits between the lawyers of the Old World and the New? Our visit here is the culmination of a unique experience, the memory of which will remain with us to the end of our lives. But may not our meeting together have a consequence which would be of wider import? We have made many pleasant friendships, we have learned from personal contact something of each other's lives, but is the only result to be these happy personal and professional recollections? Forgive me if I detain you with the serious thought that the outcome might be something which would contribute to the peace of the world.

We deceive ourselves if we believe these relations of perfect understanding and goodwill will necessarily always exist between the countries we represent. The waters of the Atlantic when touched by some chilling wind often throw up a mist through which familiar things may assume strange and forbidding forms. Some day in the future a temporary coolness may arise

between us and there will be forces on each side of the Atlantic which may seek to magnify a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. On each side the appeal will be to the watchword of patriotism, to the claims of national dignity, to respect for the flag. Each side will think that the right lies with it. Each of us may be tempted to think that the point of difference is one on which his side cannot yield.

Now, what are the lawyers going to do then? You American lawyers have enormous power, and in the old country from which I come we men of the law also play our part, and our profession is one which often opens a career to public influence and public service.

Let us pledge ourselves to one another, we, the lawyers of the Old World, and you, the lawyers of the New, that if the day of suspicion and misunderstanding should come, we will be among those who counsel patience and self-control—that we will be faithful to the teaching of our high calling and proclaim that reason and fair play and listening to both sides are the only true solvents of international dispute. If in the future some shadow falls between us, let us recall our meeting of tonight and preserve, in the face of the passion of the mob and the excitement of the hour, the memory of this mutual friendship and esteem out of which may be built up and maintained the continued peace of the world.

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A PITTSBURGHER'S BOOK

MRS. TRACY W. GUTHRIE, of Sewickley, has lately written a review of George Miksch Sutton's new book, "An Introduction to the Birds of Pennsylvania," in the Bulletin of the Garden Club of America, which the Magazine wishes to pass on to its readers: first, because of the review itself; and secondly, because Pittsburgh claims Dr. Sutton for his excellent work as assistant curator of Ornithology at the Carnegie Museum, previous to his becoming State Ornithologist on the Board of Game Commissioners. The review follows:

Mr. Sutton's introductory note says: "I have written this book for those who are beginning the study of birds in Pennsylvania; or for those who, after some study in a certain region, wish to know more about the birds in other sections of the Commonwealth."

Though it is a slender volume, easy to carry in field work, it offers valuable aid to beginners and to advanced students of bird life as well and, one might add, to bird lovers beyond the confines of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Sutton writes with simplicity and distinction. He speaks with authority out of a full knowledge gained in a life-long study of his subject. He is an artist of high degree, as is evidenced by his own illustrations, beginning with the chickadee clinging to a branch on the cover of the volume, by the one delicious colored illustration of "Baltimore Orioles in an Adams County Orchard," and by the exquisite pen drawings of each species of birds.

That the author is a poet as well as a skilled ornithologist and highly endowed artist, is made manifest in his notes on each species. Space allows but one quotation. These words on the Canada goose in migration will surely meet a quick response in every bird-lover's heart:

"For us, since the days of our forefathers, and the red men, who originally inhabited Penn's woods, the V-shaped

spring flocks of Canada wild geese have heralded the breaking up of winter and, in the fall, the coming of the cold season. Canada geese migrate both by day and night; but they are noticed at night more often than by day because in the comparative stillness of the dark hours their loud musical bugling drifts down to us as we lie awake, thrilled at the sound. Could we see the great birds, could we see the distant clime toward which they are heading, some of the mystery might be dispelled; but their long journey, their great bodies speeding along at sixty miles or more and their wide swishing wings, are only suggested by the clamor and challenge that comes to us, holds us spellbound, then gradually dies away as the flock passes on."

It is fervently hoped that when George Miksch Sutton returns, [Dr. Sutton returned from the North last month and is now at Cornell University] from his long months of isolation in bird study in Baffinland, he will give us the results of his labor of love in those frozen regions, and that the Mt. Pleasant Press will repeat the excellent work done in "An Introduction to the Birds of Pennsylvania."

—STELLA HORN GUTHRIE

THE SOLACE OF MUSIC

The vast cacophonous modern city has great need of the ministry of music. Silence alone cannot heal the wounds that noise has made. Jazz only inflames the sores. There must be the cord of sweet sounds, living melody, and harmony, made by living human hands and voices, to calm and strengthen, expand and inspire the human spirit.

Music is the angel of peace and the antidote of despair. She comforts sorrow and gives wings to joy. She expresses more than words can utter and opens to the soul those secret places of creation where the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy. She brings to the listening ear a prophecy of human harmony and a proof of divine reality. If God were only a deaf power and man only a fighting animal, music could never be. There is no truer handmaid of faith and hope and love than music.

—HENRY VAN DYKE

MILES OF BOOKS

If the number of books borrowed from the Carnegie Library during 1929 could be placed in one line, that line would stretch from Pittsburgh to Wheeling.

The work of a public library is usually measured by the number of books which it lends for home reading.

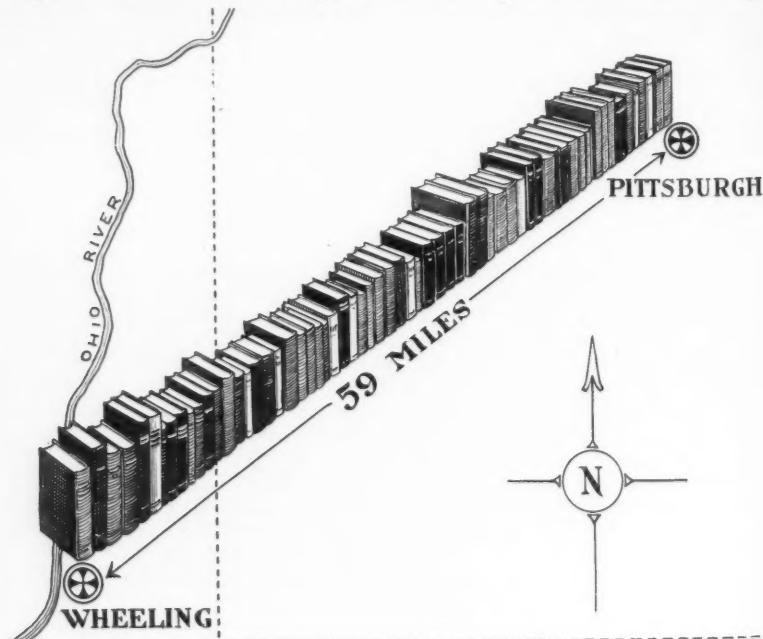
The American Library Association has determined that if a library has reasonably sufficient financial support, it should lend at least five books per capita each year. Excluding the North Side, which is served by the Carnegie Free Library of Allegheny, this Library loaned five and three-fifths books per capita during 1929.

The Library is not, however, at all satisfied simply to meet the A. L. A. standards and is seeking in every way to extend its services. Brookline and Carrick have received branch libraries during 1930. Beechview, Morningside,

and Lemington Avenue are among other populous districts which are still far removed from any branch library. These and other districts must be given service soon.

The new Brookline and Carrick branches have been established in rented store buildings. Stores are available in most neighborhood business sections at rentals which make it seem inadvisable to erect expensive buildings. The use of store buildings reduces the heavy maintenance charges which cannot be avoided in the case of branch buildings.

The Library figures its costs as carefully as any business concern. Each agency must justify itself by keeping its cost per unit of service down to the minimum. The Library endeavors to spend the largest possible percentage of its funds for books and librarians and as little as possible for overhead charges.



OUR NEW TRUSTEES



WILLIAM WATSON SMITH



JOHN B. SEMPLE

WILLIAM WATSON SMITH was elected on October 7, 1930, to the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Library in succession to James D. Hailman, deceased. This position carries with it membership on the Boards of Trustees of the Carnegie Institute and the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

Mr. Smith was graduated from Princeton in the class of '92, and after completing his studies for the bar, he engaged in the general practice of law which has occupied the major part of his attention from that time onward, and he is now the senior member of the firm of Smith, Buchanan, Scott and Gordon. Mr. Smith has always been deeply interested in cultural and educational matters in Pittsburgh, and he will bring a well-equipped mind to the promotion of the work here. As a trustee of various estates he has taken an active part in the development of large benefactions for the public good.

JOHN B. SEMPLE was elected on October 14, 1930, to the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Institute, which carries with it membership on the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, in succession to Josiah Cohen, deceased.

Mr. Semple is known as an expert in ballistics and through his genius in that field he invented the famous tracer bullet, for which he was awarded the Franklin Medal. He has now retired and devotes all his time to the call of the naturalist. Himself a hunter, an ornithologist, and an explorer, he has long shown his interest in the Carnegie Museum. He completely financed the Hudson Bay Expeditions in 1926 and 1930 and the Expedition to the north shore of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence in 1930, organized by his good friend W. E. Clyde Tood, curator of Ornithology. Earlier expeditions of the Museum have received his substantial aid.



THROUGH THE EDITOR'S WINDOW

MR. BRISBANE BREATHES FIRE

EVERY time the Magazine questions Arthur Brisbane's pet threat against the world, Mr. Brisbane repeats it in his column in the Hearst newspapers. It has appeared three times. Here it is:

Don't interfere with us and we shall not interfere with you. But if you do interfere with us, we shall immediately destroy your most important cities. If you think we can't do it, come and see.

Mr. Brisbane reads the Magazine, and it will be an interesting study of his psychology to see whether he will print his minatory defiance for a fourth time, destructive, as it is, of any sense of decent national modesty.

In such a case would we really destroy their most important cities? Does any American in the whole length and breadth of our country agree with him? Is there in the United States one other man who harbors so base a thought as that against his neighbors?

THE WAR DEBTS

THE latest budgets of foreign countries reflect the hard necessity of providing for the payment to the United States of the money borrowed here after our entrance into the World War. This will be shown by a comparison of the percentage of the rates of taxation on income, which in Great Britain is 22, in Germany 20.1, in Italy 18.2, and in France 17.1, while in the United States it is 10.6. As an illustration of the hard-

ship of this burden, we should take the case of Great Britain, where the labor population of that country will have to produce work to the value of \$500,000 every day in every year for sixty-two years for payment to our country before the British laborer shall begin to earn his daily bread. The crushing task is relatively the same in all the other countries concerned.

It is not proposed to counsel the extinction or the forgiveness of these debts, but the subject has long disquieted many of our people who feel that it would now be well to make a restudy of the entire matter, to the end that our Allies, in view of their depleted payments from Germany, shall be credited with that part of the debt which was incurred for the expenses of the War during the fifteen months which elapsed between our entrance into it and the arrival of our troops on the battle front. What actually happened was that instead of sending an army on our declaration of war, we sent the money required to keep the armies of our Allies engaged while we were training our own forces. Can we, in good conscience, continue to exact the repayment of these debts, the total of which, at the end of the sixty-two-year period, even at the low rates of interest which the settlements call for, will exceed the total amount of the principal sum of the loan?

The conclusion of the whole matter is that the nations of Europe, and particularly England, are overtaxing their

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incomes for the payment of debts owed to the United States to a point where there is no net profit in industry, and in consequence of that fact production has fallen off, and unemployment and beggary, represented in England by the dole, have become well-nigh universal.

HOWARD AND JEFFERSON ON PEACE

THAT delightful diplomat, long known at Washington as Sir Esme Howard, but now Lord Howard of Penrith, has just made a speech to the English Speaking Union, at London. Avoiding all the empty platitudes of friendship, he states some hard facts. Lord Howard says that sentimental talk of hands-across-the-sea will not stem popular excitement in a time of crisis. If the people on both sides of the Atlantic were convinced by facts and figures of what they stood to lose in comparison with what they stood to gain by an appeal to arms, then indeed war between Britain and America would be literally unthinkable. He argues clearly that there is no better guarantee against the recurrence of the tragedy of another world war than a good understanding among the English-speaking peoples.

The maintenance of peace is the greatest, most necessary, and most obvious policy of any patriotic Englishman in the real sense of the word. Not only would another cataclysm like that of 1914 endanger the whole structure of the Empire, but it would inevitably involve us, and most European countries in such an economic and financial disaster that we might well fall, never to rise again.

I still find that many people in England persist in considering the United States as if it were just another great power like France, Germany, or Russia was before the Great War. It would be well if such persons would try to grasp the one great central fact of the present century—that a new empire has arisen in the world, actually far more powerful than any that had ever before existed; and that the British Empire had an undefended frontier of 3,000 miles with this vast continental power. They would then understand that an appeal to arms to settle any dispute would indeed be a quixotic adventure.

This is all good. It will have a stabilizing effect on the most agitated mind. We want more of that kind of

talk. And, by a peculiar coincidence, we have just stumbled upon an appeal, in much the same vein, spoken by Thomas Jefferson one hundred and twenty-five years ago. That great statesman, seeing the Old World ruled and vexed by ambitious dynasties—all of which, however, have now fallen into oblivion—warned our people never to entangle themselves in the broils of Europe. Then, with a startling pre-
vision of a principle which much later became formulated into the Monroe Doctrine, Jefferson further admonished his countrymen “never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cisatlantic affairs.” “America, North and South,” he said, “has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe, and peculiarly her own.” Speaking of our endeavor “to make our hemisphere the domicile of freedom,” he refers to Great Britain as one nation who “now offers to lead, aid, and accompany us in it. By acceding to her proposition, we detach her from the bands, bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government, and emancipate a continent at one stroke.” Elaborating this thought, he goes on to say, that with Great Britain “on our side we need not fear the whole world.” With the constancy of European wars before him, and seeming to forget his injunction of a moment before against entanglement in those broils, Jefferson says: “With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship, and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more side by side in the same cause.” In this statement he definitely gives up, in so far as Great Britain is concerned, his oft-quoted advice against entangling alliances.

Well, we did fight side by side with Great Britain in the World War, and our affections were indeed knitted by that tragic companionship. But now Lord Howard calls us to side with his country in striving for world peace. His appeal will strike a heart chord in every American breast. With Great

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Britain and America united to enforce the preservation of peace, the nation who would provoke a senseless war would inevitably and deservedly rush headlong to its own destruction.

LECTURES

[The lectures announced below are free to the people.]

MUSEUM LECTURE HALL

- OCTOBER 30—"Greece: Ancient and Modern," by Dr. Michael M. Dorizas, geographer, of the University of Pennsylvania. 8:15 P.M.
NOVEMBER 9—"The East Indies," by Harry C. Ostrander, world traveler. 2:15 P.M.
NOVEMBER 13—"Afghanistan," by Jackson Fleming, world traveler. 8:15 P.M.
NOVEMBER 16—"The River of Mystery—The Orinoco," by Dr. Herbert Spencer Dickey, ethnologist. 2:15 P.M.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON PROGRAMS FOR CHILDREN

- NOVEMBER 1—"In British Guiana Jungles," by Edward H. Graham. 2:15 P.M.
NOVEMBER 8—"Hiking Through Glacier Park," by Cornelia Ecke. 2:15 P.M.
NOVEMBER 15—"Animals—Our Likes and Dislikes," by Andrew Lester. 2:15 P.M.

FINE ARTS

- OCTOBER 23—"The Artistic Idea," by Homer Saint-Gaudens, Director of Fine Arts, the Carnegie Institute. 8:15 P.M. in Music Hall.
OCTOBER 26—"The Heart of All the Arts," by Henry Turner Bailey, Director, the Cleveland School of Art. 2:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.
OCTOBER 27—"The International," by Royal Cortissoz, Art Editor, the New York Herald Tribune. 8:15 P.M. in Music Hall.
NOVEMBER 2—"An Interpretation of the International," by Elmer Stephan, Director of Art, the Pittsburgh Public Schools. 2:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.
NOVEMBER 3—"Changing Tendencies in Modern Art," by Leo Katz, Viennese artist and critic. 8:15 P.M. in Music Hall.
NOVEMBER 10—"Observations on the Exhibition," by Frank Jewett Mather, Marquand Professor of Art, Princeton University. 8:15 P.M. in Lecture Hall.

[All lectures are illustrated.]

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